

P O E M S

On several Occasions.

840 L. 10  
10

V I Z.

Munificence and Modesty.

EPITAPHS.

Female Dignity. To Lady

On the Dutchess of Cleveland.

Huffey Delaval.

On Henry Fielding, Esq.

Verfes from Catullus, after

On the Rev. James Sheeles.

Dining with Mr. Murray.

Epitaph from Demosthenes.

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By Mr. S M A R T.

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*Attende cur negare cupidis debeas,  
Modestis etiam offerre, quod non petierint.*

PHÆDRUS.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author, and sold by Mr. Fletcher and Co. St. Paul's Church-Yard;  
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(Price One Shilling.)

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Epitaph from Demosthenes	Dining with Mr. Manners
On the Rev. James Sheeles	Verbs from Catullus, after
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On the Dutches of Cleveland	Female Dignity To Lady
EPITAPHES.	Modestie and Modesty.

39  
4 1/3  
124

By Mr. S. M. A. R. T.



Modestie etiam offere, quod non potest.  
P. H. G. A. V. S.

L O N D O N

Printed for the Author, and sold by Mr. M. J. in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church; Mr. D. in Fleet Street, near St. Dunstons Church; Mr. L. in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church; and Mr. H. in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.

(Price One Shilling)



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MUNIFICENCE and MODESTY,

A P O E M;

The Hint from a Painting of *G U I D O*.

**O** VOICE of APPROBATION, blest  
The spirits still demanding less,  
The more their natures have to need,  
The more their services can plead;  
The more their mighty merits claim----  
The voice of Approbation came.

FAIR MODESTY, divinely sweet,  
With garb prepared, and lamp replete,

B

Lamented

Lamented still from fun to fun

So much received, and nothing done.

Her abstinence was insincere,

Her studies not enough severe ;

Her thoughts at fault, and still to seek,

Her words inadequate and weak ;

Her actions wretched and restrain'd,

Her passions neither balk'd nor rein'd.

Her head she waved in meek distrust,

Her eyes were fix'd to reach the dust ;

Her cheeks were tinctured to receive

The blushes of the crimson eve,

Prophetic of a better day,

When thus she framed her hymn to pray.

“ O Thou, whose bounties never fail,

“ Who smil'st upon the lowly vale,

“ And giv'st fertility and peace

“ Their flow'ry lawn and golden fleece ;

“ Who send'st the spirit of the breeze,

“ To bend the heads of stately trees,

“ Till pines with all their state and rank,

“ Bow like the bullrush on the bank.

“ Who



" Who bid'st the little brook flow on,  
 " And warbling forth the silent swan,  
 " And spreading form the shaded lake,  
 " Untill th' emerging rays retake  
 " The transcript of the scene to Thee,  
 " O FATHER of SIMPLICITY.  
 " As this thy glossy turf I press,  
 " And prostrate on my forehead bless,  
 " Consider for the poor infirm,  
 " The harmless sheep, th' obnoxious worm,  
 " The stooping yoke that turn the soil,  
 " And all the children of thy toil.  
 " In fine, of all the num'rous race,  
 " Of all that crowd and ought to grace  
 " Thy vast immeasurable board,  
 " To me the lowest lot afford."

S H E bow'd, she sigh'd, and made her pause:  
 And instantly th' immense applause  
 Of thunder in the height was heard,  
 And all the host of Heav'n appear'd.

And

And thro' the great and glorious throng,  
 Of Seraphims, ten thousand strong  
 Came down that prince of high degree,  
 Th' archangel LIBERALITY.  
 A crown of Beryls graced his head,  
 His wings were closed, his hands were spread;  
 His stature nobler than the rest,  
 A sun and belt adorn'd his breast;  
 His voice was rapture to the ears,  
 His look like GRANBY in his geers;  
 When lighting on the dewy sod,  
 Thus spake the Almoner of God.

" Survey these scenes from east to west,  
 " All earth in bloom and verdure drest;  
 " Those olives planted by the line,  
 " That forrest after God's design.  
 " Those naked rocks that rise to bound,  
 " The vine-invested elms around;  
 " The golden meads that far extend,  
 " And to the silver streams descend.  
 " Those fields of corn in youthful green,  
 " Where larks prepare the nest unseen.

" Or



" Or turn your eyes, immortal Fair,  
 " To yon gay walks of art and care,  
 " Where the throng'd hive their sweets augment,  
 " And murmur not, but thro' content.  
 " That long canal so clear and deep,  
 " Unmoved, but by the Crusion's leap;  
 " That Grotto, which from Gani's mines,  
 " And Ocean's ranfack'd bosom shines.  
 " I, whose commission's to dispense  
 " The mead of God's munificence,  
 " To thy undoubted worth resign,  
 " These joys of thought and sense, as thine."

I A S K not (M O D E S T Y replied)  
 For wealthy regions far and wide;  
 I rest content, if you but spare,  
 What is the utmost of my pray'r;  
 A little cot my frame to house,  
 With room enough to pay my vows.  
 " Then take a view of yonder tow'rs,  
 " Where Fortune deals her gifts in show'r's;

C Where

" Where that vast bulwark's proud disdain  
 " Runs a long terras on the main;  
 " Whose strong foundation Ocean laves,  
 " And buftles with officious waves,  
 " To bring with many a thousand fail,  
 " Whate'er refinement can regale;  
 " Rich fruits of oriental zeft,  
 " Perfumes of A R A B Y the blest,  
 " With precious ornaments to wear,  
 " Upon thine hands, thy neck, thy hair:  
 " O Queen of the transcendent few,  
 " All decoration is thy due."

Remote from cities and their noise  
 Serenity herſelf enjoys,  
 And free from grandeur and expence,  
 Had beſt be cloath'd with innocence.

" If ſuch thine elevated mind,  
 " Chufe pleasures for thy ſex deſign'd;  
 " A blooming youth I will provide,  
 " To make thee a tranſported bride;  
 " To give each day ſome new delight,  
 " And bleſs the ſoft connubial night.

I may



I may not act a double part,  
 And offer a divided heart ;  
 Let other nymphs their swains endear,  
 For my affections are not here.

“ Accomplish then that great desire,  
 “ To which the wise and good aspire ;  
 “ A name that no detraction knows,  
 “ Whose fragrance is as SHARON'S rose ;  
 “ Which makes the highest flight of fame,  
 “ By vast and popular acclaim.”

O rather may I still refrain,  
 Nor run the risk of being vain ;  
 To peace and silence let me cleave,  
 And *give* the glory ---- not receive.

“ Yet, yet accept a gift of love,  
 “ The royal Sceptre and the Dove ;  
 “ All things on earth thou shalt command,  
 “ Whatever heart, whatever hand ;  
 “ Why are those charming looks aground ?  
 “ Arise, aspire, thou shalt be crown'd.”

Talk not of crowns --- I have no will,  
 No power, no thought. --- “ No more, be still.

“ Who's

" Who's there ?" The vast Cherubic flight,  
 Of thousand thousands on the right.  
 " Who's there ?" 'Tis **ORIEL** and his **SONG**,  
 Full eighty thousand legions strong.  
 " Hand from the nether Zenith down  
 " The chariot with the emerald crown  
 " By Phoenix drawn,---Lo! this is **S H E**,  
 " Which has atchieved the first degree ;  
 " And scorning **MAMMON** and his leav'n,  
 " Has one Eternity and Heav'n." *won*



**FEMALE**



# FEMALE DIGNITY,

INSCRIBED AND APPLIED TO

Lady *HUSSEY DELAVAL*.

I.

**W**HATE'ER the sense, whate'er the face,  
Whate'er the beauties all combin'd;  
'Tis DIGNITY, that gives the grace,  
And forms the Fair, as first design'd.  
Thro' life we have a sterling rule  
To make the noblest points our aim;  
And DIGNITY commands the school  
Of all that excellence, we claim.

II.

O never yet the gift of chance,  
Or bought by wealth, or forced by pow'r;  
For Thee, the Champion grasps his lance,  
For Thee, the flights of Fancy tow'r.

D

Thine

Thine is the great and perfect praise  
 Of fathers kind, and lovers true;  
 Stern censure smiles thy worth to blaze,  
 And owns the myrtle wreath thy due.

## III.

'Tis DIGNITY, supports the song  
 By sense to choicest sounds allied;  
 The Muses do the Graces wrong,  
 Unless her influence preside.  
 O Fountain of all Female worth,  
 That play'st so sweet and so sublime;  
 To feed the flow of decent mirth,  
 The PRIDE of PLACE, the LIFE of TIME.

## IV.

Hail Condescension, heav'nly mild,  
 By which no Majesty is lost;  
 Thee Faith and Truth their Queen have styl'd,  
 And still with awful love accost.  
 On Thee, ten thousand blessings wait,  
 In bright succession without pause;  
 If, CHARMER, thou hast found thy mate,  
 His name is HONOUR and APPLAUSE.

*Diser-*



**D**ISERTISSIME Romuli Nepotum,  
Quot sunt, quotque fuere, Marce Tullî;  
Et quot post aliis erunt in annis.

Gratias tibi maximas CATULLUS,

Agit pessimus omnium Poeta.---

Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,

Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

IMITATED after Dining with

Mr. MURRAY.

**O**THOU, of British Orators the chief  
That were, or are in being, or belief;

All eminence and goodness as thou art,

Accept the gratitude of POET SMART,

The meanest of the tuneful train as far,

As thou transcend'st the brightest at the bar.

EPITAPH

## EPI TAPH,

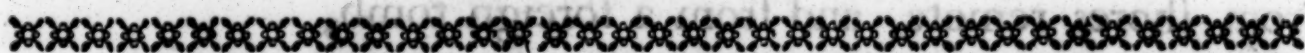
On *HENRIETTA*, Late Dutches of  
*CLEVELAND*.

**B**ORN in those days, when Charity revived,  
And from the Champion of the Church derived,  
We claim a portion in the HOUSE of GRACE  
For her, whose relicts shall adorn the place:  
For her, who cherish'd with a mother's care,  
And fill'd the Orphan's mouth with praise and pray'r.  
Form'd for these deeds she bore her fruit *above*,  
And left no issue to connubial love.  
Yet was the noble matron well sustain'd,  
And true politeness served, where prudence reign'd.  
She check'd all thoughts in which the tempter lurks,  
By keeping Fancy busied on her works.---  
A taste for hist'ry with a gen'rous aim,  
And strict attention to her country's fame.---

A skill



A skill in picture, genius in design,  
 'Twas nature copy'd nature line for line.  
 Such were her merits, when her faith was tried,  
 And to attain diviner things, she died.---  
 Amen.---The paths of life so justly trod,  
 Bespeak the welcome due, thro' CHRIST, from GOD.



## E P I T A P H

On *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq.

THE Master of the GREEK and ROMAN page,  
 The lively scorner of a venal age,  
 Who made the publick laugh, at publick vice,  
 Or drew from sparkling eyes the pearl of price;  
 Student of nature, reader of mankind,  
 In whom the patron, and the bard were join'd;  
 As free to give the plaudit, as assert,  
 And faithful in the practice of desert.

And

E

Hence

Hence pow'r consign'd the laws to his command,  
 And put the scales of Justice in his hand ;  
 To stand protector of the Orphan race,  
 And find the female penitent a place.  
 From toils like these, too much for age to bear,  
 From pain, from sickness, and a world of care ;  
 From children, and a widow in her bloom,  
 From shores remote, and from a foreign tomb,  
 Call'd by the WORD of LIFE, thou shalt appear,  
 To *please* and *profit* in a higher sphere,  
 Where endless hope, unperishable gain,  
 Are what the scriptures *teach* and *entertain*.



Sacred

To the Memory of the Rev'd *James Sheeles*, A. B.

Late of *Trinity College*,

In the University of *Cambridge* ;

And by the Honourable Patronage of the EARL of

NORTHUMBERLAND,

Minister of \* this Parish ;

A young Gentleman of great Hopes,

And

\* *Long-Burton*.



And singular benevolence :

Who having served in the Church

No longer than one year and three months,

Was remanded to his Master

On the 29th day of *October*, 1762.

In the 24th year of his age.

His affectionate father

Has indulged his grief

With this tribute to his ashes.

O young, yet apt and able in the word,

And at the morning-call to *CHRIST* preferr'd !

Our hope was longer time, and more commands,

So great the harvest, and so scarce the hands !---

See how the likeliest are not lent to last,

And love officious calculates too fast.

----If God had left thy lot for human praise,

A father's pray'r had multiplied thy days.

But since to grieve is now the task injoin'd,

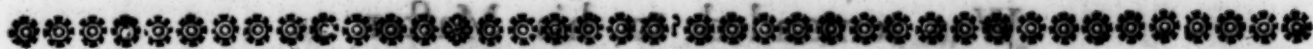
We've learnt full well to weep, and be resign'd ;

Nay more, adore and bless the great decree,

And, in the spirit, still commune with Thee.

Let

Let God's good : will, at our expence be done,  
As CHRIST demands a brother and a son.



The famous general

E P I T A P H  
Of DEMOSTHENES.

Translated from the Original GREEK.

THESE for their Country's cause were sheath'd in arms  
And all base imputations dared despise ;  
And nobly struck with GLORY's dreadful charms,  
Made death their aim, eternity their prize.  
For never could their mighty spirits yield,  
To see themselves and country-men in chains ;  
And Earth's kind bosom hides them in the field  
Of battle, so the WILL SUPREME ordains ;  
To conquer chance and error's not reveal'd,  
For mortals sure mortality remains.

The END.



Lately published, and written by

CHRISTOPHER SMART,

And Sold by Mr. FLETCHER and Co. in St. Paul's Church-Yard; and Mr. LAURENCE, Stationer,  
near Durham Yard, in the Strand. (Price 1s.)

I. A SONG to DAVID.

BEING a Poem composed in a Spirit of affection and thankfulness to the great Author of THE BOOK OF GRATITUDE, which is the *Psalms* of DAVID the King.—"Let us now praise famous Men, and our Fathers that begat us—such as found out Musical Tunes and recited Verses in Writing." Eccles. xlv. This Song is allowed by Mr. Smart's judicious Friends and Enemies to be the best Piece ever made public by him, its chief fault being the EXACT REGULARITY and METHOD with which it is conducted. Notwithstanding all this be the very Truth, we read the following Observations in a *scurrilous* Pamphlet, called *The Critical Review*,—"Without venturing to criticize on the Propriety of a Protestant's offering up either Hymns or Prayers to the DEAD, we must be of Opinion, that great Rapture and Devotion is discernable in this extatic Song. It is a FINE PIECE OF RUINS, and must at once please and affect a sensible Mind." *Critical Review* for April, 1763.—The first Part of this invidious Cavil is stupendous impudence against the Truth of CHRIST JESUS, who has most confidently affirmed this same DAVID to be alive in his Argument for the Resurrection.—The last Assertion is an Insult by a most cruel insinuation upon the Majesty of the LEGISLATURE of GREAT BRITAIN.—It is a pity that Men should be permitted to set up for Critics, who make it so evident, that they have neither RELIGION nor LEARNING; since candour cannot subsist without the former, and there can be no Authority to pronounce judgement without the latter.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

II. P O E M S

On several Occasions. (Price 1s.)

V I Z.

- I. Reason and Imagination; a Fable.
- II. ODE to ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE POCOCK.
- III. ODE to BRIGADIER GENERAL DRAPER.
- IV. An EPISTLE to JOHN SHERRATT, Esq.

A little Miscellany that has been honoured with the Approbation of the first Names in the Literary World.

THE Writers of the *Monthly Review*, however, after an invidious silence of a considerable Time, came to the final Resolution of imposing upon such Persons as had not seen the above Work, by a most impudent and malicious insinuation against the Author. They are therefore summoned to the Bar of the Publick, to answer the following *Queries*.

Whether there is any Thing that they hate so much as Truth and Merit?

Whether they have not depended upon their malignity, for the Sale of their Book from the beginning?

Whether the Writings of Mr. Smart in particular (his Prize Poems excepted) have not been constantly misreported to the Publick, by their despicable Pamphlet?

Whether the Reverend Mr. Langhorne has not the poetical Department in the *Monthly Review*?

Whether a certain scandalous fellow, who has oppressed Mr. Smart for these many Years, did not wait upon Griffiths, and complain that he had been treated too MILDLY in a former Review?

Whether the said scandalous fellow did not give Griffiths, and others, Money to defame Mr. Smart, as far as they dared?

Whether, if this was not the Case, they do not act their Mischief without Motive, and serve the Devil from affection?

Christopher Smart



A SPECIMEN of Mr. SMART'S Translation of the  
PSALMS.

PSALM XLV.

**E**XALTED by a blessed thought  
My soul is on the wing;  
I speak, as in the spirit taught,  
The praise of Christ my king.

2 My lips are eager, and delight  
Glad tidings to impart,  
As is the pen of them that write  
With equal ease and art.

3 Thy form is fairer than the race  
Of men from Adam sprung;  
And God has giv'n eternal grace  
To thy persuasive tongue.

4 Thy sword's effulgent lightning sheathe  
On thy redoubted thigh;  
And crown'd with fame and merit breathe  
The peace of God most High.

5 God thy thrice-honour'd mission speed,  
In love and meekness ride;  
To do the right thy Word decreed,  
And truth shall be thy guide.

6 Sharp is the voice of thy reproof,  
When sin thy spirit grieves;  
E'en underneath the sacred roof  
Amidst the trading thieves.

7 Thy feat, Lord Jesus, shall remain,  
And endless pow'r is thine;  
The sceptre of thy heav'nly reign  
Is rectitude divine.

8 Thy truth all falsehood disallows,  
Whence God, thy God profest,  
His oil has gladden'd for thy brows  
Above thy fellows blest.

9 Thy garments of rich cassia smell,  
Of aloes and of myrrh;  
From ivory rooms where Psalmists dwell,  
And joyful pray'rs prefer,

10 The dames of honour not a few  
Are in thy train enroll'd;  
The feat upon thy right shall shew  
Thy spouse in flow'rs and gold.

11 Consider, daughter, and attend,  
Forget thy carnal fire,  
The wealthy pomp, the worldly friend,  
And every mean desire.

12 So shall the Prince of peace have joy  
In beauty so supreme;  
Thy service and thy song employ  
In Christ thy God and theme.

13 The daughter of the Tyrian port  
Shall bring her gifts to thee;  
The rich of nations pay their court,  
And supplicate their knee.

14 The bride of Jesus Christ is great  
In glories of the soul;  
Of regal gold a precious weight  
Adorns her flowing stole.

15 Before her Saviour shall she stand,  
In needlework array'd,  
And those wise virgins of her band,  
With blazing lamps display'd.

16 In joy and gladness not to cease,  
They shall be led along,  
To Christ the palace of his peace,  
The house of pray'r and song.

17 Of no terrestrial father born;  
Thy servants are thine heirs;  
Whom thou shalt leave the world to warn,  
By preaching and by pray'rs.

18 I will thy holy name adore,  
As I such hope preface;  
Thy saints shall bleis Thee more and more,  
In every world and age.



